

THE
Cat let out of the Bag;

OR, A
PLAY WITHOUT A PLOT.

BEING A

TRAGICAL, COMICAL, FARCICAL, OPERATICAL,
BURLETTICAL, PANTOMIMICAL, SERIOUS,
SATIRICAL, NONSENSICAL

P A S T I C C I O,

ACTED THE DEVIL KNOWS WHERE,

BY

A Company of the Devil knows Who;

AND WRITTEN BY

SIR DRAWCANSIR SLASHTHEM, BART.

WITH NOTES CRITICAL, PHILOLOGICAL, POLEMICAL, AND
POLITICAL, BY THE MOST EMINENT MEN LIVING OR DEAD.

No Popery!

LORD GEORGE GORDON.

GOATHEM:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS, WHETHER
FLYING OR STATIONARY.

AND

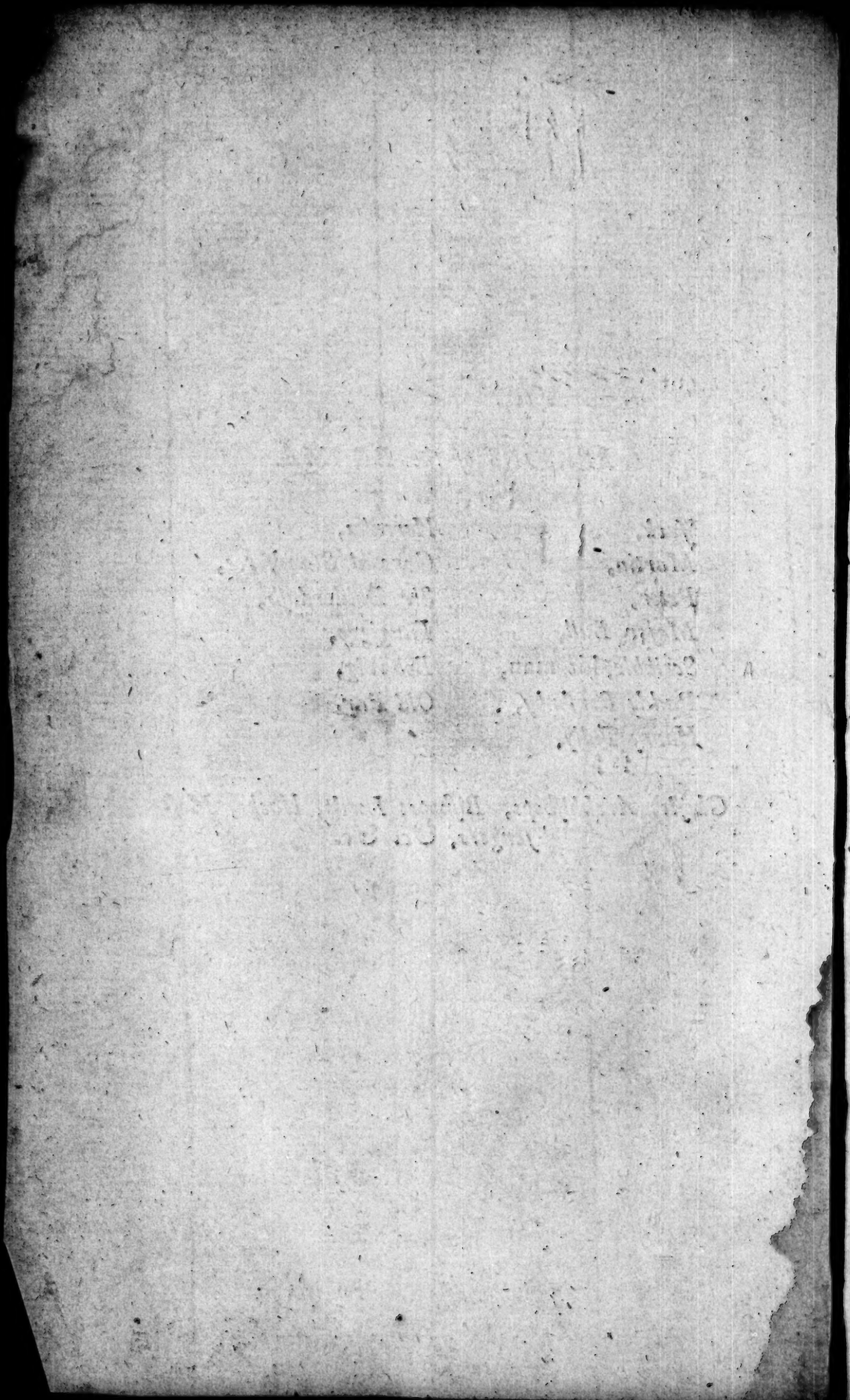
D U B L I N:

RE-PRINTED BY WM. ROBINSON, OLD CHURCH-STREET.
(Price One Shilling and Six-pence British.)

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

<i>Jack,</i>	<i>Hercules,</i>
<i>Martin,</i>	<i>General Standforce,</i>
<i>Peter,</i>	<i>Sir Balderdash,</i>
<i>Major Bull,</i>	<i>Fitzgiggo,</i>
<i>Scribble, his man,</i>	<i>Bob Wig,</i>
<i>Paddy Ponsonby,</i>	<i>Old Par.</i>
<i>Harry Tully,</i>	

Ghosts, Archbishops, Bishops, Lords, Hacks, Mes-
sengers, &c. &c.



P R O L O G U E,

SPOKEN BY MR. SCRIBBLE,

*Principal Hack and Pamphlet-Writer to the JUNTO.—He holds
in one Hand a Black Wand, in the other a Flaggon.*

COME, drop apace ye mellow show'rs
With honey dew's the meadows strew,
Ye zephyrs wave us oaken bow'rs
Arise gay prospects to our view.
These plains, so verdent, now lie fallow
Where IRISH KERNS *snoak* their limbs;
Unhouse this brood of nestlings callow
A daring soul o'er cloud tops skims.
What though dame Nature, if Milesian,
Has planted here a fertile soil,
Shall needy Wits become Ephesian
To *swindle* off their milk and oil?
Forbid it Fortune—forbid it Patience—
That those who *figh* for nice *roast beef*
Should with forbearance hold low stations
Wait time and chance, as would a thief—
Yet stay my stomach; cruel hunger
Cease to mar my prospects bright;
Delay, says *Prudence*—what!—still longer
While Irish acres lure my sight?
Prudence, the cheat, how can she tell, ah!
That Danger waits my needy gripe,
What do I hear! sad word—*Shillelagh!*
Avaunt! I fear the woeful stripe.

B

Yet

Yet SATAN peerless king of wonders
 Avert from me, the *sapling's* blow—
 Who knows, among their Irish blunders
 Some cudgel strong may lay me low.
 Then MAJOR come, by engineering
 We may work a mine so deep,
 As spite of PADDY's boist'rous fleering
 Shall lay them all quite fast asleep.
 This magic gold with hue effulgent
 Shaking a canvas bag of guineas.
 Dispels the fears of vulgar minds,
 To base-born greatness 'tis emulgent,
 Of *purse-proud* LORDS makes *humble* hinds;
 Their lowly-greatness stoops to conquer,
 When blazed upon by sunny gold,
 It cures the mind of *patriot rancour*—
 E'en *Prelates* gloat as they behold:
 But *lay-lords* gross in understanding,
 Call *conscience* worth just *what it brings*;
 Each *miter'd-sage* at coffers standing,
 A loud *Hosannah* gravely sings.
 Then boldly raise the glowing Godhead—
 raises the money bag.
 Attend, attend the *molten-calf*,
 —All peers of *lead*—or eke of *blockhead*,
 Your *shepherd* hails you with his *staff*.
 This *staff*, my lads, is from the *treasury*,
 Of virtues great as MERLIN's wand;
 I grasp a *flaggon* here to measure ye,
 Hold up your *horns* in each hand.
 You noble souls, how greatly loyal
 You take the *guineas* not for pelf,
 Each shining piece bears features royal—
 But, MAJOR let us think of self.

Thus

Thus old JOHN BULL, your goodly father,
 And the whole race of *English calves*,
 For gold all feel a longing rather,
 They must at least, they say,—go halves.
 Yet still we look for pretty pickings
 ("Love father, mother, love self best")
 We'll pluck these stupid *Irish chickens*
 And soon cut down the old birds crest.
 All hail my friendly parent MAMON!
 Thy praise my dying accents tell
 Give me a purse, some pudding, gammon—
 I'll not forget thee—though in *Hell*!

EXIT—a loud huzza without.

RE-ENTER SCRIBBLE.

Hah! What means this mob of *Papists*
 Boors who talk and think like men—
 Their beads forgot, they're all turned Atheists,
 Oh POPE, RUNCINI come again!
 Get then good fathers cords of penance
 In superstition bind their minds
 Oh GARRY dear, our merits enhance
 Hath *Mother-CHURCH* lost all her blinds?
 KENMARE have elves of late bestrode thee
 Or drank'st thee of the *Deel's punch-bowl*?
 You're jaded as the fiend had rode thee
 And hide from day-light like an owl,

* *The Deel's Punch-bowl*. — There is a lake on the top of one of the mountains in the *Lake of Killarney* that bears this name. The country people had a tradition that if any person ventured to swim in this lake he would be immediately sucked down to the bottom, the great CHARLES FOX, however, notwithstanding this prediction, plunged into the vortex and swam across without receiving the least injury.

Don't

Don't fear, I'll bring the sons of mutton
 Corp'rate fathers of the cit;
 Each Cook, each Glyster and each glutton
 All shall join the great LICK-SPIT.*
 This treas'ry wand shall raise the nation
 Good Prot'stants all you shall have gold,
 Do but support us in our station,
 Nor think that you we bought and sold.
 These Papist-*truants* they were loy'l
 Always lov'd the kingly log
 Till PAYNE had stripp'd it of its foil
 KENMARE what say'st *thou* croaking frog?
 Come conjure up a stately pretence
 Shew these *Papists* you're *their* lord,
 Not love the *nobles*, regal essence—
 Can't GARRY one full curse afford?
 Curse all the recreant 'postate *Papists*
 Curse all the stiff-neck'd Presby-dogs,
 Curse all the free-born thinking Prot'stants
 Curse all but *us*—fat English hogs,
 GARRY I'll write to good Pope CLEMENT
 He shall *redden* o'er thy *hat*, †
 Claret shall be thy only el'ment
 A coach shall bear thy holy fat.
 Sound forth, I pray, thy bold anethm'
 Confound the impious sons of Church
 Draw off their force from *unions* bad theme
 We'll leave *the rights of men* in lurch. [EXIT.

* It is reported that a certain citizen had a penalty of *one thousand pounds* remitted, for his *vote* and *interest* on this occasion: and it is notorious that a *pensioner* and *revenue-officer*, who, like corporal Trim, never acts without orders opposed in the city the *force* exhibiting in the senate.

N. TANDY.

† Cardinals hats are of a deep red.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE *an open Place, which represents neither a Square, Street, Circus, nor Crescent.*

On one Side is seen, a Gambling House, and a Senate House, on the other, a Receiving House for Letters; in the Centre, an University, dedicated to the Holy and Undivided Trinity, for the Education of one Sect of Christians; and in the Centre, an Equestrian Statue.

*Enter *JACK from the Senate House.*

JACK.

O Mercy! I am almost deafened with the vociferation, and suffocated, or rather poisoned, with the rotten breath of those corrupt fellows I have been debating with.—Ha! bless my eyes! Who is this genius I see come tripping out of

** By these three brothers JACK, MARTIN and PETER, it appears to me, that the author of this extraordinary Drama means the Dissenters, the Protestants, and the Catholics—but I leave it to the reader.*

ARTHUR O'LEARY.

the

the college gate? Eh!—no—yes—it is, in truth, it is my lawfully begotten brother, *Peter*.

Enter MARTIN from the College Gate.

MARTIN. Confound that college! the gateway is so *straight* and *narrow* I wonder any person ventures to *enter* it—and yet there are some *honest fellows* there too, who if they dare would widen the *entrance*.

JACK. I am certainly wrong this must be brother *Martin*, for *Peter* has been long excluded from the benefits of education.* And who in the name of wonder have we here?—

Enter PETER from the Receiving House.

—My lawfully begotten brother *Peter* himself, as sure as I am his brother *Jack*—and yet I have my doubts, for, on my conscience, *Peter* is grown so like *Martin*, and *Martin* appears with so much of the manner and mien of *Peter*, I can't for the blood of me distinguish the one from the other. (*Martin and Peter meet, shake hands and embrace*). They shake hands—and embrace too! Well, as *Peter* has often said, "miracles will never cease!" but I'll stand aside

* For the amusement of the people, I once proposed a plan of education, and duped such of their representatives as were not in the secret into a belief that administration seriously intended to enlighten the minds of the *wild Irish*: but we should have been blind to our own interest indeed, had we enabled the *savages* to have seen into *theirs*, and for keeping them in the dark I have been rewarded with a very comfortable pension.

T. O'CONNOR

and

and mark the youths. (Jack conceals himself behind the equestrian statue.)

PETER. Well met my dear brother Martin; I have been putting a few circular letters, from our committee of correspondence, to our friends in the North, into the post-office.

MARTIN. Then your friends in the North will never receive your circular letters. The post-office, like all other officers in this country, has been made subservient to the junto.—But where have you been all the morning, my dear brother?

PETER. At your parish church; where a most excellent sermon was preached upon liberty of conscience!

JACK. Am I awake; or has Peter, the papist, really read his recantation! (aside)

MARTIN. And I have been at your parish chapel, to hear a discourse on universal toleration. The priest, a man of learning, exposed in a strain of the finest ridicule, and keenest satire, the weakness, bigotry, and cruelties, of former times, when kings, princes, and armies of superstitious vagrants, marched from all quarters of Europe, to cut throats, for the honour of God, and the good of their own souls*.

JACK. I am all astonishment!—Why, this is beyond my most sanguine hopes! I myself have lately attended charity sermons at Romish chapels †.—We are strangely altered indeed!—It

* This is clearly a touch at the Crusades.

† It is very true that the Presbyterians, of whom this Jack seems to be a member, went to the catholic chapels for the purpose of debauching the congregation. SIR BALDERDASH.

is but a few years ago since we opposed each other with mortal enmity. (*aside*).—I'll speak with them. (Jack comes forward from his place of concealment.) Your servant gentlemen.—(*bows*)

MARTIN. Sir, your most obedient. [*bows*.

PETER. *Votre serviteur, Monsieur.* [*bows*.

JACK. They have certainly forgotten me. [*aside* Pray, Sir, is not your name *Peter*? [*Peter bows*. And you, Sir, I believe, was baptized *Martin*—

PETER and MARTIN. Sir, you are certainly right.

JACK. And I, my boys, am *Jack*, your brother *Jack*, son of the same father.

PETER. Holy Virgin! what an alteration dress makes in a man's appearance—so much, my dear *Jack*, I did not know you.

MARTIN. Nor can I credit my senses,—Why man, your manners and mein are as much altered as your apparel.

JACK. And you, gentlemen, appear not only nearly in the same uniform, but I should suppose you had been lately under the tuition of the same masters.

PETER. Yes, we are both *a la mode a Paris*—have had those suits from France, where all distinctions in dress have been lately laid aside; the French have torn from their cloaths, all the superfluous lace, fringe, spangles, and taudry frippery, which made them look like monkeys instead of men*.

* The author it may be presumed means tules, crosiers, mitres, and other trumpery.

PETER

PETER. You see even I have ripped off my gold frogs and shoulder knot; and I perceive, Master Jack, that *your* coat, which was formerly indigo blue, of as deep a dye as nine times dipped flannel of Coventry, is changed to a clear sky colour—

JACK. Psha! you banter—

MARTIN. And look at his skirts, *Peter*; see if the old fashioned buckram, which formerly stiffened them out like a hoop petticoat, has not been totally removed.

JACK. Why, to be candid, my boys, I found the buckram, like other over stiff things, rather troublesome*, and could never, while I wore it get entrance through the door of that house (*pointing to the senate house*) where, every man has a right to a seat; let the fashion of his cloaths be new or old; tawdry or plain.—

PETER. Well, well let us retire to a tavern where we may talk on the affairs of the times over a comfortable dinner and a hearty bottle.

JACK. But you don't mean to put us off, as formerly, with the mouldy crust of a brown loaf instead of mutton and wine †.

PETER. Not I, in truth, you shall both pay your clubs, chuse for yourselves out of the larder and

* I never found any thing of this kind troublesome. The illusion, in my opinion, is *indecent*, but in those meretricious times where are we to look for *chaste* writings. I am preparing an essay on *bishopricks* as an example for modern authors and modern divines. MARGARET LEBSON.

† See Swift's Tale of a Tub, which work it is clear the pilfering author, or rather the compiler of this drama, has in view during the whole of this scene.

and cellar, and have your meat dressed with such sauce, and served up with such pickles as are most pleasing to your own palates.

MARTIN. Then lets' step in here to the sign of the harp and imperial crown — it is an excellent house, set up a few years ago by one *Volunteer*; though some of the *windows* have been lately broken, by a mob of rascals called *hacks*.

PETER. *Alons—*

JOHN. *I follow—*

[EXEUNT JACK, MARTIN, and PETER.]

ENTER MAJOR BULL and Mr. SCRIBBLE.

RECITATIVE.

Major BULL. There, there they go—(*pointing after the brothers*) the devil take the hindmost—I with the three were dangling from a sign-post. Dodge—dodge them, Scribble—

SCRIBBLE. ——— Here wait till I return—

[EXIT.]

Major BULL. My tortur'd soul doth with impatience burn.

To know their secrets—Ha! yonder singing comes

PAT. PONSONBY with voice like twenty drums.

ENTER PADDY PONSONBY (*singing, a poker in his hand—*)

PADDY PONSONBY. AIR “*The Proker.*”

Here am I PADDY PONSONBY, without laugh or joke, sir,

And, by this iron in my hand, I'll make your jacket smoke, sir,

You

You feeder of fat English-Bulls, do not me pro-
voke, sir,
Or you shall have the length and breadth of this
my Irish proker.

MAJOR BULL.

Oh! your nasty dirty proker—
I wish the devil had, &c. (*aside.*)

PADDY PONSONBY.

Think not our Irish flesh and blood to take it to
the fair, sir,
Nor to ride us *Irish-boys* like your *old grey mare*, sir;
No damn me if such bully pranks will pass now—
Mr. Broker.*

While PADDY PONSONBY, in hand, can hold an
Irish proker.

MAJOR BULL.

Oh! your nasty, &c. (*aside.*)

PADDY PONSONBY.

What though you *trot* on *Irish* ground like any
English rider,
My soul! but I would collar you, as does the fly
the spider;
No want of *sticks* to beat a dog, we've plenty
of good *oak*, sir,
Of which you'll get the length and breadth or—
little Paddy's proker.—

MAJOR BULL.

Oh! your nasty, &c. (*aside.*)

* Paddy Ponsonby's reasons for calling Major BULL a *bro-*
ker are very fully illustrated in my second letter to John Bull,
wherein the Major appears selling *titles* by auction and *barter-*
ing the *honours* of one house for the corruption of the other.

PADDY WHACK.

PADDY.

PADDY PONSONBY.

There's PETER and there's MARTIN and there's
their brother JACK, fir,
By J— they'll all come round you BULL with a
devil of a whack, fir,
Let the *Cook* too quit the kitchen, or — I'll smo-
ther him in smoke fir—
By stirring up his *fire-side* with this my little
proker.

MAJOR BULL.

Oh! your nasty, &c. (*aside.*)

RECITATIVE.

PADDY PONSONBY.

You understand—Free Trade, *or else*—d' you
mind me,
Free Trade, *or else*—a bitter pill you'll find me.

MUSICAL DIALOGUE.

AIR.—“ *A Cobler there was.*”

MAJOR BULL.

Free Trade, Mr. PONSONBY—zounds would you
eat us,
Han't you plenty of salt, water, milk, and pota-
toes?
Should each rap'ree Papist ;—each savage and
thief,
Like yeomen of England drink malt, eat roast
beef?

Derry Down.

PADDY

PADDY PONSONBY.

* *Mon man dhoul*—MAJOR BULL, but I've beef
 of my own,
 As your navies and armies right often have
 known ;
 And lately, you bug, have rais'd grain and stout-
 malt,
 So no longer will breath 'pon milk, praties, and
 salt. Derry Down.

MAJOR BULL.

Then answer me, PONSONBY, what is't your
 wanting?
 Be modest in asking—I lib'ral in granting:
 We'll sell you for money, both woollens and
 wares,
 To stock well your shops, markets, houses, and
 fairs. Derry Down.

PADDY PONSONBY.

You ask what we're wanting, what do you
 possess?
You trade to all nations—the devil a *less*,
 I'll be after taking, and, though to hell you go,
 I'll double *Cape Good Hope*, pass *Terra del Fuego*†.
 Derry Down.

* The true meaning of this pure and original *punic* phrase,
 I shall give to the public in some time *less* than a *century*,
 when it may be expected that whatever part remains unap-
 propriated to *litigation* of the reversionary legacy bequeathed
 by the late HENRY FLOOD to the University, may be trans-
 ferred from a *receiver* in *Chancery*, to the treasurer of that
 learned seminary.

VALLANCY.

† *Terra del Fuego*, or the land of *fire*, lies in an extreme
 cold situation at the southern extremity of America, and is re-
 markable

MAJOR BULL.

An ignorant monster, to have such a notion,
Mad Irishmen enter the Pacific ocean!
 And as to *Cape-Good-Hope*, you'll ne'er sail that
 way
 But, in *transports* from *dock**, PAT, to *Rotary bay*
 Derry Down.

PADDY PONSONBY.

You think, then that *we*, should have no trade
 to starve on
 Except fruit and timber from port of *Dungarvon*,
 But though you and yours, BULL, should scold
 like viragoes
 We'll have a *free* trade in *all things*†,—except
Negroes.

Derry Down.

Exit PADDY into the Senate-house†.

markable for a *damnable* and disgraceful dispute between
 England and Spain, in which, to the *burning* shame of the
 former nation, the Spaniards played the *Devil* with them. In
 short, this land of *fire* has proved as *frigorific* to the *politics* of
 English ministers, as to the *brain* of Doctor Solander who was
 nearly *frozen* to death there. BARRET the *swamp*.

* Call the *Papists* to the *bar*.—Call them first to the *docks*.
 BIGWIG.

† If it be true, as has been reported, that the ladies of Ire-
 land have an intention to confederate against the use of *sea* un-
 till the *expediency* as well as the *right* of importing that noxi-
 ous weed from the East Indies be fully acknowledged, they
 will establish an influence in the country, that no *bribery* can
 oppose with success. MRS. HOBART.

† The smallness of our capital has been urged against the In-
 dia trade, that objection amounts to this; you have but little
 money, therefore buy at London for two *hundred pounds* what
 you can import directly to Dublin for *fifty*. CURRAN.

ENTER

Enter SCRIBBLE.

SCRIBBLE. Follow me, MAJOR, in your tavern
I've housed the brothers.

MAJOR. Go on, I must prevent their confe-
rence.—Yet stay.—Let me lean on you, SCRIB-
BLE (*leaning on Scribble.*) I can scarce walk—
affairs of state so heavily hang upon my neck
and shoulders—

Exeunt MAJOR, BULL, and SCRIBBLE.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE a room in a Tavern, PETER, MARTIN, and JACK sitting at a table with bottles and glasses before them.

PETER. *One*
WELL, lads, call for what you please, I shall stick to this flask of Florence.—*Italian* wine is excellent after mutton.

MARTIN. I to my claret—no liquor in my opinion so good to relish roast beef as *French* wine.

JACK. *Hock* for me.—*Low* country wine prevents pork from rising in a man's stomach.—A dose of it tripped up the heels of James the Second.

PETER. And though we all drink different kinds of wine and eat different meats, in future, my boys, let us be as cordial and good-natured to each other, even in our cups, as if we eat of the *same joint*, and drank from the *same bottle*.

MARTIN. *Peter* you speak wisely; the people of this unfortunate island have been too long divided upon the subject of eating and drinking. We have lived, not like the natives of one country, bound by the ties of mutual interest and mutual regard; but as if we were three contending colonists of different nations inspired by a
diabolical

diabolical animosity to persecute and destroy each other.

JACK. To the great satisfaction of our good neighbours the English, who profit by our divisions, and who, if it was not for their own interest, did not care if the Devil had us all.

PETER. Then let us *unite** in the common cause.—Your hands, my dear brothers, (*they rise and take hands*) A long pull—a strong pull—and a pull all together, is the only means by which we can *pull down* our enemies, and *pull up* our friends.

Enter WAITER.

WAITER. One Major Bull would speak with Mr. Peter.

MARTIN. Do you know him?

PETER. Perfectly well—he is one of John Bull's servants, and principal driver of the Irish helots—I'll give you a sketch of him.

AIR—*Johnny come over from Dover.*

When Gawky Bull just left his dad
A western boorish gaffer;
With cap in hand—the chubby lad,
Commission went to chaffer—
Give me, said he, the iron bound
Hat, feathers, spit with brasses crown'd
With drum-sticks too I'll make a sound,
Nor fear old dozy Gaffer.
So said, he wip'd his gummy eyes,
His muzzle grim with laughter,
While Gammer gap'd with strange surprise,
And stable-boys walk'd after;

D

Oh

* This union of the three brothers should be opposed by every possible exertion; as on the disunion of the people of Ireland depends that great political object of the English administration, a *parliamentary union* of the two kingdoms.

LORD WESTMORELAND.

Oh lud ! said he, I'll veer fine lace ;
 And Goody here shall wash my face,
 My shoes I'll blacken well with grace ;
 Thus rose the wilding graft fir.

In fingers then his nose he blew :

His footy locks hung dangling :
 As he approach'd the menial crew,

So bye to Goody's dandling :
 An ensign then was Gawky Bull,

With bacon bolted throat quite full,
 And stomach like a carrion gull

In mud for maggots angling.

But, how is only known to fate,

His humble back-door service,
 Has made him useful to the great,

With blood as cool as dervise.

He now is Major Bull, ha ! ha !

And *slave driver* of state oh la !
 No dream of this had his mama ;

Promotion follows service.—

A bow, a cringe, a nod, a grin,

Such arts to fools, beguiling ;

A trap for knaves, a golden gin,

And face that's always smiling ;

Proclaim the low suborning mind,

For base conspiring arts design'd,

In treach'rous stolen hugs reclin'd,

E'en honesty defiling.

In politics a pimp—a tool,

Mechanic, hireling, agent ;

In senate-house a stupid fool ;

Just fills the venal pageant.

Yet

Yet fortune to his dullness kind,
 The *willing* prize to him resign'd;
 A *sail* that *swells* with ev'ry wind,
 To which no helm is regent.

Say king of wigblocks * * * * *
 Can magic art discover,
 What brought him here—he's contraband
 So prithee send him over.
 Believe it he's no current coin,
 His absence you may well affoin,
 In this the blocks themselves will join,
 * JACK KETCH shall be his *drover*.

JACK and MARTIN. Bravo—bravo—bravissimo, *Peter*.

PETER. Well, Jack, shall I meet this major?

JACK. Why not?—After the *union* we have formed you need fear no man.

MARTIN. And if he raises his whip, serve him as he serves the wretches under his control—kick him out of *this place*, as he kicks them out of *their places*, when they dare to question his orders.†

D 2.

JACK.

* This is the technical name of the *finisber of the law* in London—in Dublin y'clep'd the

HANGMAN.

† Many are of opinion that this hint of Martin's alludes to the late reformation in the office of Justice of the peace. In the county of Waterford, all have been turned out who voted *one way* at the last election for representatives for that county: but it must be acknowledged many *worthies* remain in the commission among others, for the County Dublin.

Justice WILSON.

Justice

JACK. And, don't be sparing of giving him pain.

PETER. Never fear, step into the next room, and you shall find, my lads, that I am no longer priest nor lord ridden.—(EXIT *Jack and Martin*. Waiter, desire MAJOR BULL to walk up. (EXIT *waiter*.) Now, Oh! tutelar genius of this my native land—inspire my mind with the bold spirit of freedom that I may convince this *alien* task-master that government is instituted to remedy, not to render more grievous the natural inequality of mankind.

Enter MAJOR BULL and Mr. SCRIBBLE.

MAJOR BULL. Can it be true, Mr. *Peter*, that you, who have so long been found supple and pliant and implicitly obedient to the dictates of the aristocracy, have dared to think for yourself? Return to your old connections.

PETER. I am not obliged by the laws of the land to answer personal interrogatories; however, as I despise your assumed power, and hold your dragooning arrogance in contempt, I tell you fairly, JACK and MARTIN, who are my brothers by the same father and were born with myself at the same birth, have renewed their affection to me, the rupture which so long divided us is now made up, and we are resolved hereafter

Justice Wilson, though a confidential friend with the cabinet, is wrong in this opinion; but the speech of *Martin* is very fully illustrated by the conduct of ministers, immediately after the question of *Regency*—as I know to my sorrow, having been deprived of the only means I had to support my family.

LORD STRANGFORD:

*I lay two years in gaol before I'd answer, and Lord Mansfield was at last obliged to give up the point.

BINGLEY

after to live in one house like brethren and friends,
as we were commanded when young by our de-
ceased father's will*.

SCRIBBLE. Live like brothers, ha, ha, ha,
—and pray Master Peter what good do you ex-
pect, by this chimerical scheme, of ~~union~~ that has
taken possession of your wife noddle?

PETER. I am convinced it is the only means
by which we can thrive—by which we can re-
pell the Machivellian schemes of those, who like
you, Mr. SCRIBBLE, wish to promote discord
amongst us, for the purpose of indulging their
own covetousness, ambition and pride.

Major. Insolence!

PETER. Truth!

Mr. SCRIBBLE. Pray, gentlemen, let me
interfere!

PETER. You! Who are you?—Are you of
this country—have you land in this country—
where does it lie?—Have you wealth in this coun-
try, where is it lodged?—have you connections
in this country—where are they to be found?

Mr. SCRIBBLE. Damn your connections—but
as to land and money you may be assured, Master
Peter, I am doing all I can to acquire both—
with a title into the bargain.†

Major BULL. See, sir, (to Peter) look at this
(pulling out a pamphlet) if you expect any thing
from us you must not only deny any knowledge
of this pamphlet, but allow us to publish, in
your

*In this place as in the *Tale of the Tub*, it appears to me
that the author of this execrable drama, means by the words
“our deceased father's will” the *new testament*.

CLOYNE.

COOKE.

† That's just my way

your name, reprobation of every principle it contains*.

PETER. From you or your employers, Major BULL, I have nothing to expect that can serve either me or my friends—your friendship is not worth acceptance, your enmity I hold in contempt, and will apply for redress to the *higher powers*. †.

Major BULL. Do you know, sirrah, that I am one of the *highest* of the *higher powers*, that I with a word, could order over General Stand-force, from the sister kingdom to thrash you into good manners and obedience.

PETER. I doubt your authority over *Stand-force*.—The General is a generous, honest gentleman, and if called upon to act as your bully by beating men into opinions, or rather beating mens opinions out of them, would follow the example

* This must allude to my vindication of the Catholic claims.
M'KENNA.

† *Peter*, in this speech betrays great *simplicity*, and want of worldly knowledge—the *higher powers* stooped to the *lowest* means of *betraying* him; while they held forth in the senate a specious proposition for his relief, I can *prove*, that in the corporation of the city they exerted every influence to *repel* that very proposition. That the commissioners of police, the commissioners for the lottery down to myself and every other *dirt-carry-out* in their service, were *ordered* to promote an address, to the representatives of the metropolis, calling upon them to oppose the relief sought for by *Peter*.—It may appear extraordinary, that I should thus betray the *secrets* of my patrons—but *nature* is my excuse.—“Can the Ethiop change his hue, or the Leopard his spots?”

IAGO.

example set him by his name-fake General *Stand-force* of France.

Major BULL. Have a care *Peter*.

PETER. "What have I to fear, doing no wrong?" — I tell you that brave, that liberal Frenchman, in language the most emphatical, desired his fellow citizens to call to mind the sentiments which nature had engraven on their hearts.—Liberty is now recognized by all mankind — the negroe struggles for it, under the weight of his chains — to love liberty it is only sufficient we should know it; and to be free, it is sufficient that we have the voice of the nation in our favour.

Major BULL. The corporation of the city is against you*.

PETER. The freemen and freeholders at large are with me†.

Major BULL. The *soldiery* will be against you—

PETER. The PEOPLE are with me—

Major BULL. *Dissenters* are against you—

Enter JACK.

JACK. I deny that—The dissenters are convinced that those who have common interests and common enemies, who suffer common wrongs and lay claim to common rights should know

* See Mr. GRATTAN's answer to the address of the corporation of Dublin.

† The resolutions of the freemen and freeholders of the city of Dublin, as the Weavers-Hall.

know each other, and should act together as common friends.—

Major BULL. Should act together!

Enter MARTIN.

MARTIN. Yes, should act together!

Major BULL. Here's a conspiracy with a vengeance! Answer me gentlemen, to what purpose would you act? To what end would you act? Is there not *peace* and *plenty* in the country?

JACK. *Peace* we have had 'tis true — but what kind of *peace*. *Peace* in this island has hitherto been a *peace* on the principles and with the consequences of a civil war: for a century past there has been indeed tranquility but to most of our dear countrymen it has been the tranquility of a dungeon——

MARTIN. And as to *plenty*, Major Bull, if the land has lately prospered, it has been owing to the goodness of Providence and the strong efforts of human nature resisting and overcoming the malignant influence of a miserable administration.

SCRIBBLE. What excellent English these Irish savages speak. [*Aside.*]

PETER. To resist this influence which rules by discord, and embroils by system it is vain to act as individuals or as parties; it becomes necessary by an union of minds and a knowledge of each other to will and to act *as a nation*.

SCRIBBLE. Do you know master Peter to whom you speak?

PETER

* If any man has a doubt on this connection between the *brothers*, let him read the Petitions to the House of Commons from the people of

BELFAST.

PETER. Peace reptile! (*pushes SCRIBBLE from him with a look of contempt*) We know ourselves—Your hands my dear brothers (*PETER falls into the center, MARTIN and JACK each taking him by a hand*)—To know each other is to know ourselves—the weakness of the one, and the strength of the many—*union* therefore is power—

MARTIN. It is wisdom!

JACK. It must prove liberty!

Major BULL. MARTIN—JACK, have you forgotten your *ancestors*?

MARTIN. In forming this *union*, Major, we have, in truth, thought little about our *ancestors*—

JACK. But much about our *posterity*—

PETER. Would you have us for ever to walk like beasts of prey, over fields which these *ancestors* stained with blood? In looking back what is to be seen? O horrid retrospect! Nothing on the one part but savage force succeeded by savage policy; on the other an unfortunate nation scattered and peeled, melted and trodden down.

JACK. But, sir, we gladly look forward to brighter prospects, to a people united in the fellowship of freedom.

MARTIN. To a parliament the express image of that people—

PETER. To a prosperity established on civil and religious liberty—

JACK. To a *peace*, not the gloomy and precarious stillness of men brooding over their wrongs, but that stable tranquility which rests on the rights of human nature, and leans on the arms by which these rights are to be maintained.

MAJOR BULL. They are certainly mad.*

SERIBBLE. Gentlemen, may I venture a civil question without incurring your resentment?—*(bowing.)* Is it possible that you, who for so many, very many years, have disagreed on so many, very many subjects, can now hold one opinion on any one subject?—That's a hit. *(aside to the Major.)*

MARTIN. You shall have a candid answer—we have resolved in our future conduct to attend to those things in which we agree, and to exclude from our thoughts those things on which we differ.

MAJOR BULL. And pray, gentlemen, in what things do you agree?

JACK. We agree in *knowing* what are our rights, and in *daring* to assert them.

MAJOR BULL. Scribble, take that down.—*(Scribble takes out a book and pencil and makes notes.)*

MARTIN. We agree that if the *rights of men* be duties to God, in this respect we are of *one religion*.

PETER. We agree in *one creed* of civil faith.

JACK. We agree in *thinking* that there is not an individual among *our millions*, whose happiness can be established on any foundation so solid

* It is wonderful, and yet it is true, that under all their grievances, the *Papists* have preserved their *senses*—a proof that they must have been inclined to *folly*, or that the scripture is erroneous in saying that *oppression* makes *wise men mad*.
DOCTOR BOAT.

lid as on the happiness of the whole community*

MARTIN. We agree, therefore, in the necessity of giving political *value* and *station* to the great *majority* of the PEOPLE; and we think, that whoever desires an amended constitution, without indulging the great body of the people, must, on his own principles, be convicted of political persecution and political monopoly.†

SCRIBBLE. Any thing more, gentlemen?

PETER. Yes, we agree in thinking, that the first and most indispensable condition of the laws in a free state, is the *assent* of those whose obedience they require, and for whose benefit only they are designed.§

E 2

MAJOR.

* The sincerity of this opinion is fully illustrated by six hundred signatures of respectable *Protestants*, which appeared annexed to the petition from the inhabitants of BELFAST, which I had the the honor to present to the House of Commons, praying a *repeal* of all the PENAL STATUTES against their ROMAN CATHOLIC brethren, and that they might be restored to the rights, rank, and consequence of citizens.†

JOHN O'NEILL

† Statutes written in blood!

EARL MANSFIELD.

‡ By the penal laws against Papists, that devoted *majority* of the *people* are totally excluded from the PRIVILEGES OF THE COMMON-WEALTH, from the highest to the lowest, from the *material* of the *civil professions*, from the *army* and even from *education* where alone education is to be had.

ED. BURKE.

§ The taking away a vote (for representatives in parliament) is the taking away the shield, which the subject has, not only against the oppression of power, but that worst of all

MAJOR BULL. Have *you* any thing to add, sir? (*To Jack.*)

JACK. Yes, Major, we agree that without an impartial and adequate representation of the community, we have no constitution—no country—no Ireland. But come, brothers, it is past seven—Major, your servant—we are obliged at this hour to join the *society of united Irishmen*.*

EXEUNT *Jack, Martin, and Peter*†.

REC I-

all oppressions the persecution of private society, and private manners. No candidate for parliamentary influence is obliged to the least attention towards them (*the Catholics*) either in cities or counties. On the contrary if they should become obnoxious to any bigotted or malignant people amongst whom they live, it will become the interest of those who court popular favour to use the numberless means which always reside in magistracy and influence to oppress them.

ED. BURKE.

* To dissolve the *political union* which has recently taken place, is an object to which administration have lately applied not only the whole force of their *power* but every exertion of their *cunning*. Among other manœuvres, their late attempt upon the integrity of the Dissenting clergy is curious and remarkable; not only from its *subtlety* but its *defeat*. The agent for the Dissenting clergymen was sent too—double the parliamentary stipend was offered—and accepted by the agent, on the part of the clergy—and, *mark*—it doubled *his own* income. The laity, however, with manly and dignified spirit interfered in this *black business*, and rejected with contempt an offer, which if accepted must have enslaved their *pastors*, and have rendered themselves contemptible; for the *price* of the increased stipend was avowed.—It was to be an *address against* the repeal of the *popery laws*.

STEWART.

† The arbitrary policy of the Stuarts was to govern by *prerogative*—that is by *will*, without the aid of popular representation.

RECITATIVE.

MAJOR BULL. Am I a vice roy's *sec*?—
rouze up the people,

Ring an alarm bell from ev'ry steeple.

SCRIBBLE. The *Sec's* gone mad!—the *posse*
commitatus,

Have reasons strong—good Major BULL to

hate us :

I'll call the *Police* to appease your fears—

MAJOR BULL. Send to the barrack for the
grenadiers—

Their fire-locks let them charge without de-
lay ; *

And tell them we're resolv'd to raise their
pay †.

Enter

sentation. The subtle policy of the present day is to rule by
influence—that is by *corruption*. The means may be different,
but the end is the same ; and that end is the subjugation of
the rights of the people. How is the consummation of this
end to be prevented ? By letting the whole body of the peo-
ple, through the medium of representation into a share in the
government ; and this is the great object of the SOCIETY OF
UNITED IRISHMEN. SIMON BUTLER.

* It is confidently said—by the *soldiers*—that on a late
occasion, they had twelve cartridges of powder and ball in
their pouches.

† “ Resolved to raise their pay ” — This is an old ma-
nœuvre repeatedly practised with success by those who have
attempted to subjugate the people. Instances are to be
met with in almost every history antient and modern. The
soldiery, however, have not always been found corrupt, in
England, Charles the first, raised and bribed the very stand-
ing army, that afterwards brought his *majesty* to a public
trial, and his head to the block ; and in France their zeal
in the public cause, has justly obtained for them the title of
“ Saviours of their Country.”

LA FAYETTE.

Enter GENERAL STANDFORCE.

RECITATIVE.

GEN. STAND. Softly, good Major—how can
men of merit,

Bear this impeachment on a soldier's spirit ?

Or dare you to the vet'ran give offence,

Or brand him traitor by your paltry pence :

These soldiers here, who knows, (per
chance,)

As patriots go, might follow those of *France*.

Aye, trust me, MAJOR, dressed as *reds* or
blacks ;

Those Irish are the same—all *Paddy Whacks*.

[*The MAJOR whispers the General and at the
same time puts a parcel of bank notes in his
hand.**]

GEN. STAND. A bribe—Ah! MAJOR, may
the Devil burn me,

If 'gainst my country's cause I'll ever turn
me.

So we say all,—This day, brave *Colonel Trim*,

Who always drinks old Ireland to the brim.

Says

* The legislators—the *purse-bearers*—the grand inquisition, and great council of the nation become bad—have as little controul on the monarch as his beef-eaters. The place-bill was proposed and rejected—*Brennus* and the Gauls!—The right hon. gentleman was in your lobby with his *mouth* in every man's ear, and his *touch* in every man's palm.

H. GRATTAN.

Says he, " We fight for pay—suppose we do,
The people pay us"—

MAJOR, In that he said true. (*aside.*)

GEN. STAND. " And to the people is our
fealty due."

SCRIBBLE. This morning as I cross'd the lower
yard,

A rascal mounted on the Castle guard,
With book in hand was reading to a train
Of soldiers——

MAJOR. —— What

SCRIBBLE. The *Rights of Man*, by PAINE*.

(*The Major and Scribble groan tragically.*)

MAJOR BULL. Ha! who comes here?

SCRIBBLE. Fore George 'tis little HARRY,
Engaged in warm debate——

MAJOR BULL. Here my friend to tarry;
A dust would kick up—into premunire
Would bring me; (EXIT Major Bull.)

SCRIBBLE. If I stay Devil fire me.

(EXIT Scribble.)

MAJOR

* By the principles of the revolution, the people of England have acquired three *fundamental rights*—:

1. To chuse our own governors.—
2. To cashier them for misconduct.
3. To frame a government for ourselves.

DOCTOR PRICE.

Doctor Price does not say that the *right* to do these things exists in *this* or *that* person; or in *this* or *that* description of persons; but that it exists in the WHOLE—that it is a *right* resident in the NATION.

THOMAS PAINE.

Enter Old PAR, preceded by Sir BALDERDASH with his white wand—Little HARRY following.

HARRY. (*Speaking as he enters.*) Sir, you do me wrong! You do the people wrong.—I am persuaded, Sir, there is no part of his majesty's subjects, who can rejoice more sincerely in the prosperity of the illustrious House of Hanover than the people of Ireland, and none among the people of Ireland, more than the Catholics of Ireland.

OLD PAR. Then why refuse to support an establishment essential to the happiness, the honor, and true interests of that illustrious house?

HARRY. I tell you, Sir, I never will join in complimenting a gentleman*, whose measures I and my connections have opposed—I never will join in a declaration which approves the man and his continuance in power, whose measures, I and those with whom I act, have so frequently found it necessary to resist.†

OLD

* This is an error; the compliment was *not* intended for a gentleman—it was intended for a lord. . . Major HOBART.

† — To that clause of the address which goes to declare the thanks of this house to his majesty, for continuing in the administration of this country a lord lieutenant, whose measures a great and respectable part of this house, has constantly opposed, I can never agree. For, to adopt under the pretence of mere usual or cursory compliments, such a declaration, would be not only to act with gross inconsistency, but to render the compliment of congratulation to his majesty perfectly farcical.

H. GRATTAN.

OLD PAR. Have we not gained a free constitution within these *ten* years ?

HARRY. Have we not lost it within these *three* years ?

OLD PAR. Does the parliament of Great Britain any longer rule this country ?

HARRY. No ;—but though the Irish parliament governs the people of this country, the British minister controls the Irish parliament ; and all those subjects which Irishmen consider most oppressive, monopolies of commerce East and West ; I tell you, Sir, the Irish establishment has been put down, that in its place British commerce may be put up*.

OLD PAR. Will you venture to say, Sir, that Ireland is without trade.

HARRY. Certainly not—*bargains* are driving on every day—the minister has opened a *broker's shop*, where titles, boroughs, places, pensions,

* The *Irish minister* who conducted this *insidious trick* took care to induce the people of this country to advance a certain number of *propositions*, under a pledge of assurance that the *British-cabinet* would to an *iota* accede, and on the faith of that promise the parliament of Ireland was induced to grant an annual encrease of ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY THOUSAND POUNDS of NEW TAXES. But what did the ministry on this occasion ?—How did they perform the engagement ?—They suffered the *propositions* to be reversed—they turned them *against* the country from whence they were supposed to proceed ; and rendered them at once fatal to her constitution and her commerce !

H. GRATTAN.

The

ons, and commissions are publicly bought and sold*.

OLD PAR. Are you dissatisfied with the constitution which our fore-fathers received from England?

HARRY. No;—I revere the English constitution as the *best* under Heaven; but I arraign the Irish model of it as the *worst*, because practically and essentially, the opposite to that of the British constitution. Look to your aristocracy.

SIR BALDERDASH. And, *Sar*, a very pretty kind

The benefits of a trade to the East-Indies, of which this country has been so long deprived, Great Britain has waded to, through seas of blood, and an expence of millions. I say no act of parliament can prescribe the channel in which commerce shall flow. Leave the channel of commerce open to the merchant, and let him avail himself of the advantage if he can—throw a boom across that channel—the spirit of enterprise must break through the barrier. I desire the representatives of the people, to consider, whether as men of common faith and common probity, they can refuse to their fellow subjects, to their constituents, the *exercise* of this right of trading which all acknowledge them to possess—I think they can not.

J. P. CURRAN.

* The English *state-broker*, like an auctioneer mounts his stool, exhibiting his hammer in one hand and a title in the other. A commoner bids for a title, "nobody more" says the auctioneer—"Nobody more for this here nice, new, spick and span title—Gem'men this is the third and last time—Did that there gem'men bid? Pray gem'men consider it is *wastly* cheap—consider the honour of mounting *supporters* on the *pannels*, and *coronets* on the roofs of your chariots, chaises, *swis-a-wees* and your *lady's gigs*—Gone, gone!—"The last time" and so knocks down the honor of the peerage,

PADDY WHACK in his second letter to John Bull.

kind of a thing it is to be after looking at ; or rather to be after looking after. I had a *name-sake* once, but rest his soul he is dead, who, you must know was a lord, and so I consider myself as “ what do you call ’em,” (*looking to a great law officer*) Oh, aye! you are right—I consider myself a *rustycat** ; and so, do you see, I consider myself as standing in the shoes of all the Roman Catholic gentry ; and when I am a lord, why then I shall stand in the shoes of all the Roman Catholic nobility. Oh ! Sir, my family are very remarkable—the little *tyger* had the honour of being tried before a judge at the Old Baily, because why, you must know, he *kilt* a scotchman fairly at the Cape—and my brother—he was in the *guinea* trade—Devil a fellow ever understood the value of *ivory* better *nor* himself. I have a little book here—(*pulls out a book*) Psha ! that’s “ *The Christian Doctrine*.”

OLD PAR. Sir Balderdash, something hangs out of your pocket. (*aside to him*)

SIR BALDERDASH. Holy Mary ! my beads ! (*aside*) It’s a *necklace*—a keepsake from a lady of quality, my dear—but mum—oh ! here is the book, it’s the English minister’s speech. Now, he says, (*reads*) A, (by itself, A) r, i, f, ris, Arift, o, c, toc, *Aristoc*—

F 2

OLD

* It is very clear that by *rustycat*, SIR BALDERDASH does not mean those kind of *women*, which of all *women* I hate most, your *rustycats* or old *tabies*, whom we find nightly *purring* and *scratching* at card tables ; but he means *men* of my order called by the learned *Aristocrats*.

MILLTOWN.

OLD PAR. —I'll read it, Sir Balderdash—you are rather near sighted (*snatches the book and reads*) "*Aristocracy* reflects lustre on the crown, "and lends force and effect to Democracy, "while *Democracy*——"

SIR BALDERDASH. —Which I hate worse *nor* the Devil himself—Holy Mary bless us !——

OLD PAR. —"While *Democracy* gives vigour "to both—and the *sovereignty* crowns the whole "with dignity and authority.—*Aristocracy* is the "poise which gives an infusion of nobility——"

SIR BALDERDASH. And now are we to be after taking your word, *little* Harry, or rather *old* Harry, (for to be sure you are *Old Nick*, amongst us) that our constitution is bad?

HARRY. If you want better information, make enquiry of your patron—he who *sold* the *aristocracy* to *buy* the *democracy*: he who best understands in practice what is the *infusion* of *nobility*: he who has infused *poison* into the *aristocratic*, and this *demoeratic* division of powers, and has *crowned* the whole with *corruption*.

SIR BALDERDASH. Hub-a-ba bub-a-boo!

HARRY. Your patron, MAJOR BULL, well knows all this; and that the constitution of the country is exactly the reverse of those scenes and farces which are acted on the public stages of imposture and hypocrisy.

OLD PAR. (*looking very glum.*) Imposture and hypocrisy!

HARRY. Those were my words—I say by this trade of parliament the king is absolute.

SIR

SIR BALDERDASH. For the soul of me, now, I can't understand a word of all this—his good English is Greek to me. (*aside.*)

HARRY. His *will* is signified by both houses of parliament, who are now as much an instrument in his hand as a bayonet in the hands of a soldier.

SIR BALDERDASH. Order! order!—I am a soldier—no; I mean—I am no soldier but an officer—aye, and an officer of the household,—If the gentleman speaks disrespectfully of the standing army—that great bulwark of the constitution and of national liberty—I must call him to order.

HARRY. Like a regiment we have our adjutant, who sends to the *infirmary* for the *old*; (*Sir Balderdash coughs*) and to the *brothel* for the young; and men thus carted, as it were into the senate to vote for the minister, are called the *representatives* of the people. (EXIT.

Enter HERCULES.

HERCULES. We're all blown up!—*the cat's let out of the bag!*

SIR BALDERDASH. What cat?—which way did she run?

HERCULES. Fool!—Your nonsense too has injured the cause; but fly to the Major—let all the forces be collected, or my proposition may be carried with amendments.

SIR

SIR BALDERDASH. I am off like a shot—and will take care to have my next speech by heart, though *Scribble* has not made it half so comical as the last.* (*Exits and returns.*) My *voice* shall support you in the senate—my *arm* in the field. (*Exit.*)

OLD PAR. By this time I expect answers from the rotten corporate boroughs:—Their resolutions will probably tend to divide the Protestants, as your propositions will, I trust, breed jealousies among the Papists. Farewell, we'll meet at five. (*Going returns.*) Remember five.

Enter

* It has been matter of surprize, among those who are unacquainted with the manœuvres of administration, that a man like *Sir Balderdash*, should receive no less than *fifteen hundred pounds a year* for his parliamentary services. But the *state-manager*, like the *managers* of the *drolls* at *Bartolmy fair* knows, there is no carrying on business without the aid of a *Merry Andrew*; for this reason, in the pieces exhibited at the fair of *St. Bartholemew*, there are always two principal characters or *protagonists*; the one a *grave doctor*, the other a *merry motley fool*; the business of the *doctor* is to deliver religious sentences, wise sayings and moral discourses, which the *motley fool* never fails to turn into ridicule by gestures, grimace, and ribaldry, for the amusement of the *base* and the *vulgar*; something in the same manner and way, as I have heard the wisdom of *HARRY TULLY*, and the amazing genius of *CURRAN HORTENSIVS*, treated by *Sir Balderdash*.

ASTLEY, Senior.

Enter MAJOR BULL in a great hurry followed by a number of Hacks.

MAJOR BULL. The contest rages—give instant orders that the heavy troops of pensioners attend—and let a regiment of *placemen* take *post* in the colonades. Fly you to the commissioners and order them to bring up immediately the *revenue* light-horse. (*Exit a Hack*)—And you, Sir, order up the pioneers of the excise and customs.

Enter SIR BALDERDASH.

SIR BALDERDASH. The *dust's* began; but the knight of St. Dolough has declared for us.

Enter a HACK.

HACK. The Independants have joined the Southern Whigs.

HERCULES. Call in the *Rathdown* horse!

SIR BALDERDASH. The *asses* all attend arrayed in *Buckram*.

Enter Sir HARRY APOSTATE with his coat turned.

SIR HARRY. Why delay here? our numbers are scarcely equal to our opponents.

MAJOR BULL. Follow me to the field.—A vote—a vote—a *pension* for a vote! (*Exit.*

SIR BALDERDASH. One word with you, my dear Sir Harry. Arrah, tell me now what is the

the reason that you who are so *rich* have turned
your old coat? *

SIR HARRY. Bitter fool.

SIR BALDERDASH. 'Pon my soul the poor
Major is very hard run; but I must assist him.
A wote—a wote—a pension for a wote! (EXIT.)

* The right honorable Baronet, both *supported* and *op-
posed* one and the *same* administration; one and the *same* mea-
sure.

H. GRATTAN.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE *a pavilion in a Park.**Enter* GOVERNOR *followed by* ARCHBISHOPS,
BISHOPS, LORDS, *and attendants.*

GOVERNOR.

WHO hath descried the number of the *pa-*
*triot*s?1st. LORD. Less than one hundred is their ut-
most power.GOVERNOR. Why our good members doubled
that account;Besides *corruption* is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want:Call to debate our trusty *pensioners*;

G

Men

* What a rout about pensions, when the whole sum laid out
in these *beneficences* of the crown, or rather of the minister does
not exceed 120,000*l.* per annum, and a great part of that
sum goes to our *natural friends* in *Germany*, or near *relatives* in
England.

SIR JOHN PARNELL.

When I was called upon to read the pension list, I found
the task beyond my power; and two of my front teeth were
broken in attempting to pronounce the hard *German* names.

THOROTON, Cl. Com.

Men of *excise*, of *treasury* and of *customs**,
 Let's want no *bribery*—make no delay,
 For, lads, to-morrow is a busy day.

(EXIT GOVERNOR.)

ARCHBISHOP. These *patriots* vex him fore—
 Say, who has this day seen
 Killarney's chief?

BISHOP. Killarney's chief, snail-like, has drawn
 in horns,†
 Since bold M^cKENNA † trod upon his corns;
 Each

* Until you have a *reform* in parliament, the consequential disqualification of a member of parliament would be all *fudge*. See the difference between England and Ireland. In England, the bulk of representation is from great and populous counties, and great trading and manufacturing towns; therefore it is good sense to say, when a representative gets a *place* or *pension*, he should go back to York, to Leeds, to Bristol, to Wolverhampton, to Liverpool, to Chester, and such places, to let the people determine whether they could trust him in the novel situation in which he stands—their interests are great and momentous—would it be analogous *here*? No; it would operate as interior corruption, as private advantage to the *borough monger*, for he who now *sells* once in eight years, would then sell two or three times. Who would you send a placed-man back to in Ireland—not to the thousands as in England. You send him back to *rotten boroughs* to know how his butler and his footmen would receive him after his getting a good pension or employment. DENIS BROWN.

In the above note is a convincing argument in favour of the declaration of *the United Society of Irishmen*. A. BROWN.

† This line shews great ignorance in the natural history of Killarney, the *bucks* of the lake never *draw* in their *horns*, on the contrary always *expose* them to full view.

Mrs. HERBERT.

† Doctor M^cKENNA is secretary to the Roman Catholic Society

Each blockhead peasant at his title gibes,
 Each blockhead peasant hurts his lordship's kibes.
 No longer now, "my lord," each saucy clown.
 His title questions—calls him—*Mother Brown*.

2d. LORD. Our Governor appears—
 His footsteps this way bending ;
 His cogitative faculties immersed
 In cogibundity of cogitation.*

Enter GOVERNOR followed by several Commoners, &c.

GOVERNOR. Old *Hercules* shall bring the motion on ;
 And *Ogler*, you shall give it *opposition* :
 Leave me some ink and paper on my table,
 I'll draw the form and model of the debate ;
 Limit each speaker to his several theme,
 And part, in just proportion to our power.
 My Lord FITZGIGGO—you my good OLD PAR,
 And you, good MAJOR BULL, will stay with me.
 The Lord of ALIE keeps his borough hacks.
 Here CAPTAIN, bear my best good day to him ;
 Yet one thing more good Captain do for me—
 Where is Lord SHANNON quartered—do you know?

G 2

CAP.

* This is a gross plagiarism from the celebrated tragedy of
Crononhotonthologos. JEPHSON.

Set a *thief* to catch a *thief*. The above critic accused me of stealing thoughts and sentiments, and situations, and characters from his *tragedies* for my *farce*, which is as untrue an accusation as ever was made ; for every body *laughs* at his *tragedies* but the Devil a body ever *laughed* at my *farce*.

COUNSELLOR SHANNON

CAPTAIN. Unless I have mista'en his *motions* much,
 (Which, well I am assured I have not done)
 His *borough-members* half a milē at least,
 Lie from the power of the Governor.

GOVERNOR. If without *peril* it be possible,
 Be sure make some good means to speak with
 him;

And give him from me this *most needful note*.*

CAPTAIN. I will, my lord.

GOVERNOR. Saddle old Herc'les for debate
 to-day.

FITZGIGGO. He is already caparisoned.

GOVERNOR. Who here has seen the *paviour*
 bald to-day?

1st COMMIS. The *serjeant Prime*, *solic'ter*, and
 himself,

'Bout half an hour past, from corps to corps,
 Of pensioners and placemen, cheer'd the
 ranks.

GOVERNOR. I am satisfied—give me a glass
 of *whiskey*.†

1st.

* The *notes* usually sent by candidates to electors, and those sent by governors to representatives, are generally in the same style—the most effectual are those which are struck from *copper-plates* on soft, thin, and almost transparent paper, ornamented, embellished, and enriched with certain *cabalistical* figures.

SIR GLEADOWE NEWCOMEN.

† The Governor is right in preferring whiskey—no beverage so elevating as the real *ground-ivy*—the genuine *bilty-tilty*—the true *grapple the rails*—*Stolrinky*—*Owneen Derkam* and roll

1st. COMMIS. 'Tis here, my lord.

(hands a whiskey bottle and glass.)

GOVERNOR. My mental faculties seized by
Power lethargic sink into drowziness.
Retire, ye slaves—while I, your lord,
Your idol, court dulcet slumbers
On downy couch succumbent.

BISHOPS. O may the Gods, with golden dreams
Refresh your lordship's mind!

OMNES. Amen!—Amen!

(EXEUNT.—*the Governor having thrown himself
on the couch.*)

[A DUMB SHEW.*—*The PROCESSION of
which represents the EARL of ESSEX, for-
merly LORD LIEUTENANT of IRELAND go-
ing to EXECUTION. The principal charac-
ters*

roll in the gutter. Though it deprives men of meat, beer,
and cloaths, it generally provides them with washing and
lodging, by laying them lengthways in a kennel. What
would become of the wretched manufacturer who has no fire
to warm him from *without*, if deprived of fire to warm him
within? Are not his necessities burdens, and does not whis-
key soon enable him to lay down the *load of life*—yet the pa-
tricts would encourage the breweries—psa—is not *revenue*
to be preferred to the industry, health, morality, and virtue of
base vulgar plebeians.

1st. COMMISSIONER OF EXCISE.

* These dumb shews were very common in our old trage-
dies; and Shakespeare has given us one in Henry the eighth.
But is there not something offensive in the dumb shew before
us—something of the mashin malicho—or may we not say
with Hamlet, speaking of his drama called the Mouse Trap:

—————“The play's the thing,

“In which we'll catch the conscience of the king.”

SAM. WHITE.

ters in this procession are LORD CHANCELLOR BACON receiving bribes.—SIR ROBERT WALPOLE with a purse paying bribes.—An officer in blue and buff carries a standard of white satin with the word RESPONSIBILITY, in BLACK CAPITAL LETTERS. While the procession passes the stage, the GOVERNOR appears much agitated, particularly when the EARL of ESSEX points at the standard—they range themselves round the stage.]

*Thunder and lightning.—The Ghost of LORD STRAFFORD * rises with his head in his hand.*

LORD STRAFFORD'S Ghost. Fee faw fum—
 'Tis STRAFFORD'S ghost you see,
 Though long since dumb—
 This sorry fight's no hum : (*shakes his head.*
 RESPONSIBILITY †. (*pointing to the standard.*
Thunder

* Lord Strafford was a viceroy of Ireland in the reign of Charles the first. He commenced building a very magnificent palace in the county of Kildare ; but as he lost his head, his palace was never roofed in. It is a singular circumstance that a committee of an equal number of Protestants, Presbyterians and Papists, went from Ireland into England to impeach this nobleman.

LELAND.

† In a country where the command of an army, the execution of a law, the bestowing of offices, the power of making peace and war, are all vested in one man—the monarch : If the ministers of that man be not *responsible* for his conduct, that government is despotic in respect to the issuing of money ; and of course, in such a country, the most valuable principles of the English constitution do not exist.

FORBES.

The

*Thunder and lightning.—The ghost of STRAFFORD
sinks, and the ghost of FLOOD rises.*

FLOOD's Ghost. The people have *negotiated*,
and they have been deceived—

The people will now demand and they must
succeed.

*Thunder and lightning.—The Ghost of FLOOD
sinks, and two groupes of ghosts rise. On one
side, the ghosts of a starved Irish weaver,
his wife, and seven children—on the other, the
ghosts of a peasant, his wife, and nine children.
The men hold in their hands wooden spoons
with a little salt—the women potatoes and me-
thers of water.*

DUET and CHORUS.

AIR—*Hosier's Ghost.*

Ghosts of WEAVER and WIFE.

Listen to the dismal ditty,

Of a wretched weaver's ghost;

Who though born in Dublin city,

Seldom tasted boil'd or roast.

Heavy

The first principle of the English constitution in respect to the crown is, that *the king can do no wrong*, and in his own person is *not responsible*; then the necessary consequence of that principle is, that all the ministers of the crown in executive power are *responsible*. The power of the crown is executive; the power of parliament is to control the agents of the crown, and this is what gives, in a land of liberty, efficacy to the tranquility of the state.

G. PONSORBY.

Heavy taxes—pensions—places,
 Plunder'd us of drink and meat;
 Cruel lord, how hard our case is,
 Dying, 'cause wee'd nought to eat.

Ghosts of PEASANT and WIFE.

These our skel'ton babes once smiling,
 Five fine girls—four beaut'ous boys;
 Hardest labour still beguiling,
 Blest us with domestic joys:
 Rack-rents, tythes, and foul transgression,
 Bigotry and partial laws;
 Brought on us that fell oppression,
 Now become our *country's cause*.

CHORUS *by the whole KIT of men, woman, and
 children, with accompaniments of sighing,
 crying, moaning and groaning—succeeded by
 sprightly and martial music.*

But fair LIBERTY inspiring,
 Ireland's sons with love of fame;
 Each free soul with courage firing,
 To record their patriot name.
 Join in compact strong—united,
 Scorn Aristocratic plan;
 Spurn at those by whom they're slighted,
 Vindicate the RIGHTS OF MAN*.

Thunder

* Law to bind all, must be assented to by all.

PRINCIPIA LEG. et EQUIT. p. 56.

When a nation becomes subservient to *one* or a *few* individuals, either by the *corruption* or *exclusion* of *popular representation* in the legislature, it generally seems to lose all sense of *right* or *wrong*, all common honesty in its political measures.

GRENVILLE SHARP.

Thunder and lightning.—The ghost of the Weaver and peasant, their wives and children sink, and the ghost of LORD CHIEF BARON BURGH rises.

BARON BURGH's Ghost. Make not a division in the unanimity of an injured people, but yield to their just desires—and avoid CORRUPTION.*

H

Thunder

* The project to govern this country by *corruption*, is not like the supremacy of the British Parliament—a *thunder-bolt*—nor like the twenty propositions, a *mine of artifice*. But without the *force* of the one or the *fraud* of the other, it will answer the *purposes* of both.

GRATTAN.

An attempt on the part of the *executive power* to corrupt the *legislature* is a breach of trust, which if carried into system, is the cause of a *dissolution* of the government. The executive act contrary to its trust, when it uses the force, the treasure or the offices of the society, to corrupt the representatives and to gain them over to its purpose.

LOCKE.

Daniel prophesied that three abominations should pollute the temple of the Most High; the last of them, the abomination that maketh desolate, has by the avowal of corruption, defiled the temple of liberty.

JOHN EGAN.

Whatever money is taken out of the pocket of the subject beyond what is necessary for the different establishments, is for the purposes of corruption—is plunder.

THOMAS CONOLLY.

All the arguments against corruption having been used an hundred times—it is unnecessary to answer them in *future*.

J. BERESFORD,

Good God! what kind of measures must those be which gentlemen, enjoying the advantage resulting from them, are ashamed to defend.

GEORGE PONSONEY.

*Thunder and lightning—The ghost of LORD
CHIEF BARON BURGH sinks—the ghost of
CHARLES LUCAS rises.*

LUCAS's *Ghost*. Hear me thou whited wall*—
"Crush, crush those vipers, who
"For a grasp of ore or paltry office,
"Would sell their COUNTRY to the foe.

*Thunder and lightning.—The ghost of LUCAS
sinks—the GOVERNOR rises from the couch
and runs to the front of the stage.*

GOVERNOR. Give me a castle hack—
Appease my mind—have mercy CURRAN! (*kneels*)
Soft—I did but dream—but dreams so terrible,
Like school-boy left alone in church-yard
drear,
I shake, I tremble at the whistling wind.

Enter SCRIBBLE.

SCRIBBLE. My lord——

GOVERNOR. Who's there?

SCRIBBLE. My lord, 'tis I—Old Bedford'
clock

Hath stricken fix—

Your friends are now all gather'd in the senate.

GOVERNOR. O Scribble! I have dreamed a
fearful dream.

What think'st thou—will our courtiers *all* prove
true?

SCRIBBLE. No doubt my lord.

GOVERNOR.

I recollect this *Lucas*, who was a lame doctor of physic,
and representative in parliament for the city of Dublin, ap-
plying these words of St. Paul to Lord Beauchamp, on which
occasion I asked the doctor if the words had been used after
or before Paul's conversion, when the angel of the Lord said
unto him, "Saul! Saul! why persecutest thou me?"

CLONMELL.

GOVERNOR. Scribble, I fear—I fear!

SCRIBBLE. Nay, my good lord, be not afraid of shadows.

GOVERNOR. By BILLY PITT, our master—
shadows to night,

Hath shook more horrors in the soul of JACKY,
Than all the patriots of the wretched Irish,
Roaring for freedom, led by HARRY GRATTAN.

Enter MAJOR BULL.

MAJOR BULL. My lord, my lord, the *papists*
have petitioned—

ENTER *a squad of Placemen, and Pensioners**,
joined by a batch of new baked Peers†.

1st. PENSIONER. My lord, my lord, great
NAPPER TANDY's fled.

GOVERNOR. Better had been the news, great
NAPPER TANDY's dead.

H 2

MAJOR

* Scarce had the new taxes on the credit of the expected commerce been granted, when the commerce was perverted and the taxes granted on an engagement to equalize, were perverted.

Where is your equalization? Like that commerce vanished.

Our eye about that time beheld with astonishment in return for *new taxes* a—*new pension list*—which we were not able to pay, nor the minister able to justify.

But we have since beheld with much more astonishment a viceroy *complain* of that *extravagance* and then *augment* it.

We proposed to strike off the obnoxious pensions; we were resisted by that viceroy.—

We proposed to limit and curtail that pension list—we were resisted by that viceroy—and the secretary who had contributed to its encrease, became the object of his reward.

GRATTAN.

Lord

MAJOR BULL. The Papists too, are now mute
as a mouse,
We kick'd both their petitions from the house,
So now, my lads, we may the nation carve,
Stuff our own guts, and let the *Papists* starve.

FINALE AND CHORUS.

AIR—*Rigdum Figdum Airy O!*

SCRIBBLE.

Fled is Napper Tandy O!
Spirit stout as brandy O!
The Northern Whigs,
And Dublin Prigs,
Will melt like sugar candy O!*

Then

Lord Chatham was pensioned for conquering France; he was a secretary—and why should not I be pensioned for attempting to subjugate Ireland to the English yoke?

THOMAS ORDE.

Let pensions flow like the overflowings of St. Winifred's well.

SIR BOYLE ROCHE.

I lament most *sincerely* that gentlemen forfeit their places for acting conscientiously; but such will ever be the case till placemen and pensioners are by law excluded from sitting in parliament.

EDWARD NEWMAN.

† *Batch* is a good word here—and it was the Lord's mercy, that we were not all *baked* by the tremendous fire that broke out on Monday the 27th of this month, (February). I was speaking at the time, but would not stop my harrangue, for I fear—no fire.

CASHELL.

* Our author here means the *United Society of Irishmen* in Dublin composed at present of above four hundred Protestants, Dissenters, and Catholics.

Psha! my dear, 'pon my shoul you are wrong now—they are *nobody*—there is not one of us amongst them, but like the *Irish* committee, they are all *shop-keepers* or *shop-lifters*.

SIR BOYLE ROCHE.

Then fart for resolution O
Supporting constitution O
Pension and post,
Will rule the roast,
And keep up prostitution O

CHORUS OF HACKS.

Then fart for resolution O!

OLD PAR*.

When he's snug in durance O!
We'll cool his assurance O!
We've tipp'd a *cuff*
To *blue* and *buff*,
And all of their procurance O!

CHORUS of *Hacks*.

Then fart for resolution O!

BOB WIG, *Esq.*

Bottle quick of whiskey O!
Bring—'twill make us frisky O!
We'll sing—we'll drink,
We'll share the chink,
Huzza—and live right brisky O!

CHORUS.

* That such men should creep into power, is a fatal symptom to the constitution:—The political, like the natural body, when near its dissolution, often bursts out in swarms of vermin.

CURRAN.

CHORUS of *Hacks.*

Then fart for resolution O

HERCULES.

Here's my lord Killarney O!

(taking a glass.

Gunning as Kate Karney O!

Here's all fools,

Gulls, Castle-tools,

Poison'd by our blarney O!

CHORUS of *Hacks.*

Then fart for resolution O!

MAJOR BULL.

Without interruption O!

We'll promote corruption O!

We'll buy the votes

Of all turn-coats,

To Paddy's sure destruction O

CHORUS of *Hacks.*

Then fart for resolution O!

SIR

SIR BALDERDASH.

Ough, we'll cut and slash 'em O
 Kick and balderdash 'em O !

And soon to France *
 We'll make 'em prance,
 Or else like negroes slash 'em O !

GRAND CHORUS of *all the characters and
 of all those who have no character.*

Then fart for resolution O !

* In a neighbouring country, twenty-four millions of people were governed by laws to which their consent was never asked—but we have seen them struggle for freedom :—In this struggle they have burst their chains, and on the altar erected by despotism to public slavery, they have enthroned the image of *public liberty*. But are our PEOPLE merely *excluded*?—No ; they are *denied redress* !

CURRAN.

Mr. TANDY at whose flight the principal characters of this drama rejoice so exceedingly, is a man in whose zeal and integrity the citizens of Dublin had the most implicit confidence. He is supposed to have retired to the North to avoid the arrest of a serjeant at arms for an imputed breach of the privileges of the House of Commons. This caution has been highly censured, many being of opinion that he should not have avoided six months imprisonment in Newgate, which would have been the consequence of this surrender, as no judge would have bailed him.

THE END.

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1992

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